

Seal of the Supreme Court of the United States, dated 24 FEB 1961.

SHIPPING	BANKS	NOTICES OF FIRMS	AUCTIONS	INTIMATIONS	NOTICES TO CONSIGNEES	INTIMATIONS
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## INTIMATIONS

## ITALIAN

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THEATRE ROYAL.

CITY HALL, HONGKONG.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,  
THE 24th INSTANT.

THE LAST AND FAREWELL  
APPEARANCE OF THE COMPANY,  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF  
SIGNORA SILINI:  
AND  
SIGNORA BERTOLINI.

Whereby the following Attractive Programme will  
be presented.

PART I.

FOURTH ACT OF MARCEPPE'S OPERA  
"RUY BLAS"  
Characters by Signor SILINI and PETROVICHI  
and Signori CIOCCI and PETROVICHI.

INTERVAL OF TEN MINUTES.

PART II.

1.—Grand Aria from "Cottanze  
D'Amalfi"..... PIRELLA.  
SIGNORA BERTOLINI.

2.—Fantasia on the "Pianoforte"..... GORE.  
SIGNOR CIOCCI.

3.—Bolero from "Il Vespri  
Siciliani"..... VERDI.  
SIGNORA SILINI.

4.—Romanza from "Margherita  
Sicilia"..... FLOTOW.  
SIGNOR ALBOCCI.

5.—Serenade "L'Amante Valencien", Braga.  
SIGNORA SILINI.

6.—Romanza from "Dionora"..... MEYERBEER.  
SIGNOR CIOCCI.

7.—Romanza from "Martha"..... FLOTOW.  
SIGNORA SILINI.

8.—Comie "Cecilia" from "Mac"  
trincino Segreto"..... CIMAROSA.

SIGNORI PETROVICHI, SILINI, AND  
BERTOLINI.

Seats may be booked at Messrs. KELLY &  
WALTON'S, where a Plan of the Theatre is now

g, 21st. February, 1883.

NOTICE.

INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION  
COMPANY, LIMITED.

**B**Y ORDER of the BOARD or DIRECTORS  
the SHAREHOLDERS in the above Com-  
pany are hereby notified that under Section 20  
of the Articles of Association the FINAL  
Call of Thirty Shillings per Share has been made  
and will be due on 2nd April, 1883.

SHAREHOLDERS are therefore requested to  
make their cash payments of 3/6 per share  
on exchange \$3.30 per share to the HONGKONG  
and SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION here  
or its Agencies on or before the above named date.  
Any Calls not paid by the 2nd April are by

for interest at the

per cent Annum from the due date until that of payment.

**JARDINE, MATHESON & Co.,**  
General Managers,  
HONGKONG, 24th February, 1883. 1384

**NOTICE.**

**T**HE Undersigned have, for many years been established in business at Macao, under the style or name of **CHESONG LOONG**, more especially trading in Amisese, and in the Oils, and Amisese, and the best quality, for which commodities they have gained a high reputation amongst Foreign merchants.

Now, this is to give notice that **MR. CHAN WAY**, who left the service of the Undersigned

name or style of CHC  
section with the Unlabeled

The Under-sd<sup>o</sup> have authorized the WAH LOONG SHIP, 68, Queen's Road, Hongkong, to act as our Agents in that port.

Our Customers are hereby particularly requested to take especial notice of our Trade black, a Three-masted Ship, and the Hong name "CHEONG LOONG".

CHEONG LOONG,  
Macao.

Macao, 24th February, 1883. [385]

FOR SALE.

**THE SEVEN TON CUTTER YACHT "SUNDEAM,"** with Spars, Sails, &c.

to  
T. M. LESTER

HONGKONG, 21th February, 1883. [383]  
 HARBOR OFFICE.  
 INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION  
 COMPANY, LIMITED.  
 FOR SHANGHAI.  
 (Taking Cargo and Passengers at through rates  
 for Cargoes, Passengers, and Freight, HAN-  
 KOW and PORTS on the YANGTSE).  
 THE Company's Steamship.  
 "FOOKSANG".  
 Captain Davies, will be despatched as above  
 TO HAY, on the 24th instant, at about P.M.  
 For Freight or Passage apply to  
 JAMES H. MATTHEWSON & Co.,

General  
24th February, 1888

FOR SHANGHAI.  
THE Steamship  
"NINGPO."  
Captain E. Cass, will be despatched for the  
above Port on MONDAY, the 26th instant, at  
FOUR P.M.  
For Freight or Passage, apply to  
SIEMSEN & Co.  
Hongkong, 24th February, 1883. [38.]  
INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION  
COMPANY, LIMITED.  
FOR SINGAPORE, PENANG, AND  
CALCUTTA.  
THE Company's Chartered Steamship

"CONISTON,"

Captain Evans, will be despatched for the above Ports on TUESDAY, the 27th instant, at THREE P.M.

For Freight or Passage, apply to  
JARDINE, MATHESON & Co.,  
General Managers.  
HONGKONG, 24th February, 1883. 1381

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LLOYD'S STEAM  
NAVIGATION COMPANY.

STEAM FOR SINGAPORE, PENANG,  
COLOMBO, BOMBAY, ALEX. SUEZ,  
PORT SAID, AND TRIESTE.

(Taking Cargo at through rates to CALCUTTA,  
PERSIAN GULF PORTS, ODESSA, and the  
MEDITERRANEAN PORTS).

**"FORWAERTS"**

Captain P. Buge, will be despatched as above  
on **TUESDAY**, the 27th instant, at ONE  
O'CLOCK P.M.

For further Particulars, apply to  
**MELCHERS & Co.,**  
Agents.

**Hongkong, 24th February, 1863.** [S.]

**COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES  
MARITIMES.**

**RETURN PASSAGES** are now GRANT-  
ED by this Company between **HONG-  
KONG** and **NAPLES** or **MARSEILLES**  
at the following rates, available for re-embarkment  
for periods not exceeding —

1ST CLASS, 2ND CLASS

after date of arrival	\$575.	\$475.	\$420.
12 Months after date of arrival	\$650.	\$335.	\$270.

G. DE CHAMPEAUX,  
Agent.











## EXTRACTS.

## AN EVENING SONG.

Where chattering oaks the stream  
Our boat shall lay; here may we dream  
The hour away; and Care will wait.

Ah, sweet!  
Ah, sweet!

Then for our love to devote  
From the red pathway marked by Fate.  
Our home is here; the thicket things  
This mule down, and the thicket things  
Bent the still will with laboring wings,  
Ah, sweet the sound!

Swirl to forget, these hours among,  
The varying discords of the throng.  
Now glows we onward, ever slow;  
And now, in the soft afterglow,  
Listen; a voice sings low and low:  
Ah, sweet the sound!

Sweet the strain!  
Ah when, at length, from heart and brain,  
Shall that glad gladness come again?  
—American Paper.

## A HEAVY BRAIN.

It is well known that although many distinguished men have had very large brains, these have been occasionally equalled by the brains of persons who never displayed remarkable intellect. Another illustration of this has been lately published in the *Cincinnati Lancet* by Dr. Hildebrand, of Columbus. A multo named William W. Newcomb, 42 years, recently died in the hospital at that town in consequence of purulent infection due to an abscess of the thigh. His brain was found to weigh 682oz., nearly 6oz. more than the famous brain of Cuvier. His height was six feet, his limbs as to have been apex-like in length, his head and neck, large, his lower jaw prominent, but his forehead large and well developed. He had been a slave until the year 1862, and had never been regarded as particularly intelligent; he was illiterate, but is said to have been reserved, meditative, and economical. —*Lancet*.

## A GOOD STORY OF SERJEANT BALLANTINE.

There is a rather good story told about Serjeant Ballantine and the present Baron Huddleston, who, after a life of hunting, was raised into his seventh heaven by his marriage with Lady D. Beaulieu, sister of the Duke of St. Albans. These were the hunting days when cards were not prohibited. Huddleston, as has been noted, was notorious for his hunting proclivities. Whenever there was a titled person he was sure to take his way to that neighbourhood. A game was going on. A Duchess of some German principality was busily engaged in a game of rouge-et-noir. Exhausted by excitement, she sat down upon the nearest thing, which happened to be Serjeant Ballantine. The Serjeant waited until the end of the play, and then, regardless of consequences, shouted across the hall: "I say, Huddleston, what will you give me for my trousers?" A real Duchess has been sitting on them. —*N. Y. Hour*.

## THE POPE AND THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The other day an exceedingly valuable collection of autographs was disposed of in Paris, which included, amongst other remarkable items, the letter written by Pope Gregory XIII. to Charles IX. in order to dissipate the last scruples of the King about the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The authenticity of this papal letter has been questioned with the utmost hesitancy by Roman Catholic writers in past days, but it is now proved beyond all cavil. "The war waged against heresy," says the Pope in this disgraceful document, "is holy war, and it must be pursued for the glory of God, in order to exterminate those and heresies which disturb your kingdom. I and you together how important the matter is, my present legate a latere." With this and the medal that was cast at Rome to commemorate the massacre, it is run for the upholders of the Papacy to contend, as they have hitherto done, that the head of the Church was not responsible for this great atrocity.

## WATERSPOUTS IN MALTA.

A Malta correspondent says:—"On the afternoon of the 18th inst. several waterspouts were visible off Silena and St. Julian's on the southern coast of this island. The waterspouts were observed over the sea, but one appeared to be rather over Silena, an immense one, consisting of a dense, black cloud, depending from the sky in a conical form towards the earth. Soon after a rotary storm accompanied with lightning seemed to be going on at sea, and in the whirl of the cloud two large waterspouts discharging great quantities of water were clearly seen, and a smaller one, which whirled towards St. George's Bay, where a sailing boat had a narrow escape, the whirling column of spray nearly engulfing it, and part of a garden being carried away. Such waterspouts have not been observable in Malta for many years, and created quite a commotion amongst the people who witnessed this rare and grand sight for about half an hour. A single waterspout has not been observed at times in these parts, but not a family of them as on the present occasion."

## "NIBBLING AROUND THE GIBBS' BACK HAIR."

"Good day, gentlemen." A very nice-looking young man stood in the doorway of the editorial room and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment. "Would it be possible for me to sell the *Tribe* a story?" he continued. "What kind of a story have you ground out?" asked the host. "The story," said the visitor, "is one of the triumph of love is depicted, and—" "It is not one of those and as I have said to you, I am not a novelist, but I can read a portion of it." "All right," "Where shall I begin?" "Anywhere," replied the horse reporter. "Suppose you give us the last sentence in it." I should hardly think—"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here." The visitor read himself and read as follows:—"The answer, Gladys's beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands, and there, under the heavy fruited trees, the golden beads flying all around them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and raising her from the ground, he kissed her passionately." "That's the last sentence," he said, "I asked the horse reporter. 'Yes, sir,' I should hope it was. 'It makes me find to read about such ducks.' 'Why, I don't see,' began the author. 'Of course you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever read of Thompson's girl?' The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning the historic animal. 'Well, Thompson's girl,' continued the horse reporter, 'was such an infernal idiot that he swam across the river to get a duck. Now that fellow in your story is a duck match for him.' 'I don't understand.' 'Probably not. It is not to be expected of literary people. But I will tell you this young fellow in your story is an under-plotter. He is building his girl's hand isn't he?' 'Yes, sir.' And, according to the story, he raised her

longer to the lips, and kissed them reverently. 'That's right?' 'Certainly. Now, what do you think of a young man who would go nibbling around a girl's back hair when she has her hands with her? Such a fellow should be the subject of a satire that should characterize the work of nature. No, my gentle intellect; you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree barrel ourselves.' 'A good day,' said the author, starting for the door. 'So long,' was the response. 'Make George act like a white man in your story, and come round again.' —*Editor of the Press*.

## BEECHER'S BELIEF.

Beecher finally accepts the doctrine of evolution, and denies the fall of Adam and imputed sin to all his descendants; but he hesitates about accepting its logical consequence, the doing away with the divine scheme of salvation. But if there was no fall there was no need of a scheme of redemption that involved the sacrifice upon the cross of the Son of God. There is no need of this conclusion. Either is man born from a state of perfection and 'brought sin into the world and all our woe,' or the doctrine of the atonement is a surplusage of theology that should be abandoned. It is in vain to attempt to harmonize the scientific theory of evolution with the theological tradition of the fall of Adam. The fall of Adam is the only link in the chain in the world cannot harmonize the relations between them. Either the scientific theory is erroneous or the dogma is. —*Cincinnati Commercial*.

## PREPARING FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoonpdyke, looking away from her refreshment table and regarding the effect with her head very much on one side; "my dear, what are you going to wear when you make calls on Monday?"

"Clothes," I answered, from my paper. "Why, then, the fashion changed, recently about wearing clothes?" and Mr. Spoonpdyke regarded his wife with an anxious look of inquiry.

"But you should wear your swallowtail coat, by all means," continued Mrs. Spoonpdyke. "All the gentlemen wear swallowtail coats on New Year's day now." "Well, I think you are going to strap me up in a two-tailed coat and start me around this town looking like the head waiter of a dollar-a-week summer resort, you're just as badly left as a one-armed man at a church supper! I may be dead gassed as enough to go around to the various old men who wish to meet me in a clothespin jacket in this old gassed brain, with which happy application of a trite quotation Mr. Spoonpdyke settled himself back and contemplated his wife with a lofty glance of superiority.

"Of course, if you don't want to," replied Mr. Spoonpdyke, nothing. "There won't be any great object related to your business suit. Besides, now that I think of it, the motto goes into your dress coat, and I don't think it is fit to be seen," and she put a few finishing touches on her table, and admired it from another standpoint.

"Let's see it," demanded Mr. Spoonpdyke, springing from his chair and following his wife's close heels. "Show me the dress coat." "What's the matter with it? What's the motto got to do with it? Who put motto in it?" and Mr. Spoonpdyke rummaged around and fired his clothing in all directions in his vain search for the particular garment. "Where is it?" he howled, scattering his wardrobe in all directions. "Have modestly mottoed it. I'll put it on my coat! Bring out the split in the tails! If there's nothing else left, give me one last fond glance at the arm holes!" and Mr. Spoonpdyke kicked his best trousers to the ceiling, following them with a vast, which he supplemented with a pair of boots. "Show me the dress coat, my dear! Show me the dress coat!" he howled, following her. "What's the matter with it? What's the motto got to do with it? Who put motto in it?" and Mr. Spoonpdyke rummaged around and fired his clothing in all directions in his vain search for the particular garment.

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## BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## HIGHEST AWARDED PRIZE MEDAL.

PAUL & SONS' BERRY AND BLACK LEADS.

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## BONGKONG MARKETS.

## AS REPORTED BY CHINESE OF THE 24th FEB. 1883.

AMERICAN DRUGS, 20 per cent. 2.05 to 2.10

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